

The Home Journal.

BY W. J. SLATTER.

Published in no party's arbitrary way,
The Home Journal tells the way.

NASHVILLE.

We went down to this city last week on a flying visit, and found the town just where it used to be, only spread out a little more. Time was when to go to Nashville was quite a trip, and when a fellow went there and returned, he'd feel important for a month afterwards. But in this era of steam and railroads, to breakfast in Winchester and dine in Nashville is just as easy as to "stay at home," and to tell an individual in Winchester that you are going to Nashville, doesn't cause his eyes to open any wider, or his lips to quiver, or nostrils to dilate at all. So much for this fast age.

Well, as we said in the beginning, we went to Nashville last week. On our way down we were entertained very agreeably by the very best of company. (We allude especially to Dr. Q., who had been visiting our town for a few days past.) A little from us in the car were two young ladies who chattered away with that fluency of tongue peculiarly characteristic of the feminine sex. They were not married we knew from their mischievous looks and frolicsome ways. Nor were they demure old maids. One of them had brilliant black, the other bright auburn hair, and both very sweet, pleasant visages unveiled. Upon the little round glass-white arms of a golden bangle, while their fat little hands were adorned with a ring or two that seemed almost to say: "We are engaged. As they reclined, ever and anon, their delicate cheeks upon those hands, we involuntarily wished we were a glove," &c., as Shakespeare says. Oh how susceptible our poor heart is to the ten thousand indescribable charms that lovely woman so often displays before our enraptured vision! We fell in—in into a wish that we might become acquainted with those two charming young maidens, and sure enough, "as luck would have it," they were aboard the cars on our return home, and we sought and obtained an introduction. So of course our readers now know that we had a pleasant jaunt to and from the "City of Rocks." And now for the finale: We got off at Decherd Depot and gave a last, fond, lingering look at the departing train, then murmuring to ourselves:

"Oh! ever thus from childhood's hour,
We got into the omnibus and came to town, satisfied that our place at last had been inside the printing office, where, though but type comes to excite our vision and enlist our feelings.

TEARS.—We never see a tear in the eye, but we are reminded of a warm heart. The utterly depraved never weeps—the gushing of kindness and sympathy they never know. We have learned what no word could tell us, from the drooping tears—those silent, eloquent messengers from the deep fountain of the heart. Call it weakness to weep, if you may; but to us tears are more powerful than words. They speak what no language can reveal. We have been placed in circumstances—and who has not? when our success or defeat has been decided by a tear, who have received truer answers than words could give, by the moistened eye and shaded brow.

Whenever you find tears, be not cold or harsh. Step lightly around the sacred place. Break not the fountain, sending forth its holy oblation.—If ever there is a call for kindness, it is when sorrow broods over the heart. We would not number among the first of our friends the man or woman who never sheds a tear. We ask but this in the hour of adversity and disappointment, and it is all we expect when we are lowered to our last resting place.

EDUCATION OF IDIOTS.—At the close of the sitting of the House of Representatives at Springfield, Ill., on Tuesday, the Clerk read the following:

"I am requested to announce that Rev. Dr. McFarland will deliver a lecture this evening in this hall, on the 'Education of Idiots.' Members of the Legislature are invited to attend."

The announcement was received with shouts of laughter by the members present.

THE UNIVERSITY OF THE SOUTH—GOOD NEWS.

A letter from Bishop Poll, of Louisiana, informs us that he and Bishop Elliott have begun the work of raising the endowment fund for the University of the South, and are meeting with the most decided encouragement. In one week over \$75,000 was subscribed.—The best of feeling seemed to prevail in behalf of the University, and its friends are more confident than ever of its success. In a short time we will publish the "Address of the Board of Trustees of the University of the South," in reference to its choice of the site for the University.

NOTICE.—We have a plain Tennessee marble tomb stone which we will sell very cheap.

The Home Journal, published at Winchester, Tennessee, by W. J. Slatter, is one of the very best literary papers in the country. Slatter is an energetic young man, and the best practical newspaper editor of his age in the State. He commenced his paper when about eighteen years of age (about three years ago) on a capital of not more than twenty-five or thirty dollars, which he made at the case in Nashville, and has since, by energy and industry, in building up one of the best weekly papers in the State. He now has an office which has cost him, for material alone, about \$1,600, and is making his business decidedly profitable.

Among the list of literary contributors to the Journal, we link the names of

FINLEY JOHNSON,
O. D. MARTIN,
Mrs. GRAVES, and
Mrs. CHILTON,
all of whom, except Martin, are Southern authors, and rank among the first in literary circles. As a Tennessee paper, it deserves the support of every Tennesseean desiring a good family Journal. Price \$2 in advance.

We take the above complimentary notice from the Greenville (Tenn.) Democrat, published and edited by Messrs. Robinson and Turner. We are not acquainted with Mr. Robinson, but have the pleasure of an acquaintance with Turner, whom we love as a very dear friend. And our love is certainly not unshared, or bestowed on an unworthy person, when he is made the recipient.

We thank you, friend Turner, for this expression of your opinion about us, even if it is more flattering than we deserve. Your personal feeling, Turner, for us, we suspect, prompts or engenders your favor for our paper, and our endeavors to render it an interesting sheet. By-the-by, we feel that you have made it an obligatory duty on our part to not well, since you named your first and only born after us. We want to see that "boy." He seems like a relative, and we hope that we shall live to see him attain a good old age and be a source of joy to his clever sire. If you ever learn him the printing business, and we should be "carrying on," let him live with us, won't you? You don't know how proud it makes us feel to know that we have a namesake, and if it ever falls to our lot to be able, we'll return the compliment. Wouldn't it sound nice? Just imagine a flaxen-haired, sweet, little, blue-eyed cherub, with little chubby fists, and tiny "flossy" toes, waddling all round the room, playing with puss and the kittens and sharing with them his bread and butter, greasing everything he touches, and leaving crumbs wherever he goes, and this little specimen of humanity—this darling piece of flesh answering to the name of—you know who, Do you like the picture?

The attention of our readers is called to the new advertisements in this week's paper. We have not time to speak of each advertiser as we desire. Read what they say, and remember to patronize those who advertise.

DELIRIUM TREMENS.—A young man about 25 years old, registering himself as J. Crowley, of Detroit, stopped at the Southgate House, Detroit, on Tuesday. About 3 A. M., he got out of bed, and ran out of the hotel, with nothing on but his drawers, shirt and stockings. He was arrested by policemen and taken to a station house, raving about robbers being in pursuit of him, all the way, and asking for a pistol to shoot himself before they could overtake him. In the morning when let out of the cell, he rushed at a window, and on a second attempt jumped through the sash, striking his head on the pavement and breaking his neck. The glass through which he thrust his head cut his throat dreadfully. He had been drinking since Christmas, pretty constantly, and was laboring under delirium tremens.—His widow is left in destitute circumstances.

A COLLEGE JOKE.

One of the earliest Presidents of Jefferson College, Penn., was the venerable Dr. McMillan, a man of great gravity and dignity of manners.

In those early times it was customary for the students, when meeting the President, to remove the hat from the head, place it under the left arm, make a profound bow, and pass the compliments of the day.

Among the students was Tom Devon, an eccentric fellow. His father was rich, and as Tom was always "flush with money," the sight of his ambition was to sport a gold-headed cane and gallant the old Greek professor's daughters.

The term student, which he bore in common with the other members of the college, was a misnomer. Tom's mind was more deeply engrossed with back-gammon, checkers, and "old sledge," than with his mathematics, and he was more read in the lore of Chesapeake than in that of Homer and Virgil. In fact, he was a shallow-brained, lily-handed fellow, and as may be supposed, a great favorite with a certain class of ladies who mistake impertinence for wit, and fine clothes and affected manners for refinement and scholarship.

id accomplishments.
But to our tale. Tom was one day walking down the street arm and arm with his friend, John Smith, who had a piece of the way about him. Seeing the President a few paces before them, Tom hastily enquired—
"Smith, what is good morning, sir, in Latin?"

"Ego sum stultus," was the reply, without a moment's hesitation.
Meeting the President, Tom, after the most approved donkeyism, at the same time making a profound salute, greeted him with—
"Ego sum stultus."

"I am aware of it," responded the President, making a slight bow.

This proving rather unsatisfactory, Tom posted off to the room of his friend Byles, whom he saluted with—
"Deacon, what is the translation of this sentence—'Ego sum stultus?'"

"I am a fool!" responded the unsophisticated "Deacon."

This told the whole story. As novel writers say, Tom's feelings may be more easily imagined than described. Whether the students bored him about it or not, and whether the professor's daughters ever heard it or not, "deponent sayeth not," but history records that the next flat-bottomed boat that went down the Ohio bore Tom as a passenger.

AMERICAN EXPLORATIONS.—Foreigners say we are a people given to sallies above any other nation. We spit enormously. A late English traveler in this country comes down upon this habit of Americans with great power. He gives the Southern and Western States the preeminence in this thing, but does not spare the North. We should call him a sharp-shooter, only that it does not require much skill to throw an arrow into a puddle of spittle in any place of common resort in any of these realms.—Look at the floors of our railroad cars and of our public buildings. We saw a little model of a ship in a Court room the other day, and could not but think there was saliva expectorated enough in the room to float her had it been all together. Witness piteous here and there, warning men against deliverances of that sort on the premises. The writer above referred to, sneeringly says the eagle on our coat of arms ought to drop his thunderbolt and clutch a spittoon. He says: "Spittoons garnish the marble steps and halls at the capital at Washington; spittoons are in all the reading rooms, bars, lobbies and offices of the hotel; spittoons in railroad cars and in the halls of every State Legislature which I visited; the parliamentary spittoons seemed to be as indispensable as the desks and benches of the members.—Boston Paper.

HOW THEY TALK.

Agentman writing us from Jasper, Tenn., says: "Enclosed find \$1, the price of Harper's magazine and the Home Journal. I see you are determined to make the Journal a readable paper. Success to you."

A subscriber at Allam Creek, Texas, says: "Enclosed you will find six dollars, two for your new subscriber and four for myself. I am well pleased with the Journal and would have been pleased to have sent you more names. The same writer informs us that in Gastrop county, where he lives it is quite healthy—that the farmers in his region have commenced preparation for the new year, with pleasing anticipations of a bountiful crop—that their hands were thoroughly drenched with rain and no swarms of grasshoppers visited them last fall.

A subscriber writing from Waco, Texas, Florida, expresses very much pleasure in perusing the Journal.—He also gives us a nice description of the "land of flowers, orange groves, &c," and contrasts the climate there with the climate here in "old Tennessee." His letter is a very good one and we would publish it, were we not crowded with other matter.

A stranger in Mississippi, writes us as follows: "Yesterday morning I received a copy of your paper through a friend and I was so much pleased with it that I have concluded to become a subscriber. Enclosed I send \$3 which place to my credit."

Lots of encouraging and complimentary letters have been written us, but we have not room to publish extracts from more. In Franklin county we have succeeded in giving almost universal satisfaction. During January past we received about 100 new subscribers, and we do sincerely hope and believe that before the present year closes we shall have over 2000. Will our friends please exert themselves for us. We send out a large number of single packages—that is, only one paper to a post office. Now, let every subscriber who is the only one at his post office, procure us one more in addition to his, so that the package may be made larger and therefore more sure to reach its destination, and also, rendering the trouble on our part less burdensome.

Unhappy is the man who marrieth, if in poverty.

SOLD OUT.

A. R. Wiggs, whose familiar and good-humored face popped into our office the other day, and rendered us quite happy, has sold out his paper, the Huntsville Independent, to Messrs. Dew & Young, two mighty clever fellows, and who are fully able to keep the Independent up to the pitch of importance it has already obtained, under a supervision of three years by its retiring editor and proprietor. Mr. Dew has been a partner in its publication ever since the paper was commenced, and John W. Young has been one of the "hands." John has stuck close to his labors in Huntsville and he is now in a fair way to reap his well-deserved reward. John, you'll not "tramp" any more, will you? Do you ever think of Louisville? Do you remember that morning when we caught you in bed at your boarding house, and you were so glad to see us. You didn't have much money about those times, did you? We didn't have much either, but had enough to buy some "dried herrings" which served right well to cloy our appetites, rendered almost carnivorous by a little walk to Nashville. Oh! the scenes of bygone days, how vivid they remain in our memory. That "private conveyance" trip had a good effect, we expect. It made us think more of you than ever, and we are really glad that we took it, even if the turnpikes were hot under a burning sun; even if we did have to shake our bed clothes at one certain house and lay on the floor to avoid the pestiferous attacks of those unpleasant little crawlers so abundant in summer time on bedsteads—even if we did have to get off the stage when our money "goin' out." It is all past now, John, and we are no worse. It is one of the troubles to which we can refer with pleasure, and we don't care now if anybody does know that we had to walk. We had a right to, and didn't we exercise that right nobly and faithfully? Success to you, John, wherever your lot in this world is cast. May blessings follow on your way.

TO WHAT IT LEADS.—We noticed a day or two since the revolting fact that a young girl, the only daughter of a red hot Abolitionist of Pontiac, Mich., had run away with and married a stepping negro.
The sooty individual with his young white bride, followed by her father, but she for some time resisted all efforts to induce her to leave her black lord and master, but at last was persuaded to return to her parents. She declares that the negro is her first and only lord, and that she will yet live with him.
"His strange, his passing strange, his pitiful," but the father must alone bear the blame for instructing his daughter to believe in the disgusting doctrine of political and social equality of the black and white races. The practical application of this doctrine he finds more distasteful than he supposed, and the doubtless to-day thinks less of the Abolition faith than heretofore. This is a lesson we hope he and all others like him will heed in future.—Temperance (Wm.) Pioneer.

Some one sends us from Salem a "Dialogue between two soldiers," expecting us to put it in the Home Journal. We cannot do so, because no name is signed to it. In the second place we don't know what the thing means. We can't see into the merits of it.

A CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.—Dr. Beck, of Dantz, has just made a curious discovery. He has found an antidote, or rather a counter-poison, for ardent spirits. It is a mineral paste, which he encloses in an olive, and which, when once absorbed, destroys not only the rising effect, but likewise the disastrous consequences of drunkenness. He tried several experiments on a Pole, an irreclaimable drunkard. The individual, named Radvill, swallowed three bottles of brandy in succession, and after each bottle ate an olive prepared by the doctor. He experienced neither the effect of drunkenness nor the slightest sickness.

Dr. Beck might do well practicing his trick here, and many no doubt would soon become very fond of olives. Wonder some of these in the whisky business don't send for the Doctor, or at least a few of his olives.

Read the advertisement of Ellis & Moore in to day's paper, who are thorough business men, and who will, no doubt find much custom on our way. They are clever to deal with, and we advise any one wishing something done in their line to deal with Ellis & Moore.

Any person in Nashville wanting the Home Journal, or desiring to advertise in it, can address us, or call on A. M. Tension, Market street, just below Broad.

A Dutchman thinks "honesty is the best policy, but it keeps a man tain poor."

"X."—It is proper, we suppose, for us to state that a private letter from "X," the correspondent of the McMinville Era, and with whom we had a newspaper confab, a short time since, made some explanations to us which rendered it unkind, maybe, that we should say more, after having had the "last lick." The cloven foot betrayed the dragon.

MECHANICS ADVERTISING.

The last Huntsville Independent says it is a little singular that so few of the mechanics of our city advertise their business in the papers. Our Dry Goods and Grocery Merchants are liberal in the use of this means of publishing their business, but our Carpenters, Blacksmiths, Tailors, Saddlers, Shoe and Boot makers and others, withhold a notice of their occupation and place of business from the columns of the newspapers. Obscurity will kill any business, or at least retard its growth, so that it will never yield a profitable increase. It may be said that an advertisement will not compensate for its insertion. This is a supposition, and we think with the probabilities largely inclining to the contrary. Many men have dated the basis of a princely fortune, from a timely notice in the columns of even a village newspaper. The secret of success lies not alone in close application and hard licks, but in experiment and venture. We hope our mechanical friends will wake up to the importance of making their business known to the public.

Wiggs, of the Huntsville (Ala.) Independent, in retiring from its management, receives the following nice tribute by the pen of the gentlemen to whom he sold:

"We are grateful to the retiring Editor for the kind and encouraging words with which he bids us adieu.—Having been intimately associated with him in the office for the last three years, we might expose ourselves to the charge of extravagant compliment, were we to express all that we feel to wards him, as a man, and as a friend. He is an upright, courteous, generous, high toned gentleman. His pleasant face and bland manners made him ever welcome in the office; and not the slightest austerity or reserve marred our social intercourse. May Heaven's blessings follow him in his retirement, and may his life be bright with the reflected light of his own good deeds."

We have received the "Address of the Board of Trustees of the University of the South in reference to its choice of the site for the University." Next week it shall be given to the readers of the Journal.

What is mine, even to my life, is her's; I love; but the secret of my friend is not mine.

On old maid, speaking of marriage, says it is like any other disease—while there's life there's hope.

Never open the door to a little vice, lest a great one should enter also.

See advertisement of H. B. Hinton.

BRILLIANT MUSICAL FEAT.

MAJOR HUNTLEY, THE CELEBRATED

BLIND VOCALIST,

ASSISTED BY

MRS. L. H. HOEKE,

THE DISTINGUISHED

FIFTH AND PLATIST.

late of the American Navy,

AND

MASTER CAPTAIN,

THE YOUNG AMERICAN VIOLINIST AND

NATURAL MUSICIAN.

will give one of those brilliant and extraordinary

at the Court House,

on Wednesday Evening, February 9th,

Doors open at 6 o'clock. Performance

to commence at 7 o'clock.

Cards of Admission 50 cts.; Children

and servants 25 cts.

SAM LYON, Agent.

TRUSTEE SALE.

By virtue of a deed of trust executed to me by Orin Hill, dated July 26th, 1858, and registered Book V, p. p. 192 and 123 of the Register's office in Franklin County: I will offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash, on Monday, March 7th 1859, before the Court house door in Winchester, a certain lot or parcel of land, in the town of Winchester, Franklin County, Tennessee, adjoining the lot on which said Hill resides, fronting 78 on the street and running back to George Gray's line, and adjoining the livery stable of A. G. Black.

Said lot is sold to satisfy the debts mentioned on said deed, and will be sold without redemption, the right of redemption being expressly waived in said deed.

JOHN FRIZZELL, Trustee.

Feb 3d, 1859.

W. C. HANLEY, B. S. HENDERSON, S. A. HANLEY,

HANLEY, HENDERSON & CO.,

(Successors to Hanley & Henderson.)

A CHANGE.

W. C. Hanley, having become associated with us in the Dry Goods business, the firm will hereafter be styled as above, and we trust our old friends and customers may continue with us, as it is our intention to keep constantly on hand a most excellent stock and assortment of goods to suit the wants of the people of this county.

HANLEY & HENDERSON.

Disolution.

The firm of Robinson & Hall was dissolved January 1st 1859, by mutual consent.

M. W. ROBINSON,

HENRY HALL.

MERCHANT TAILORING.

WINCHESTER, TENNESSEE.

J. C. GABLER.

Has opened a shop on Jefferson street, 3 doors from Martin's corner, where he would be pleased to have all call who want clothing of any description made. Cutting and Repairing done on reasonable terms.

Feb 3d 1859.

Wheat Wanted.

I will give the highest cash price for good wheat delivered at my Mills, 3 miles North of Winchester, Tenn.

Feb 3d 1859.

H. B. HINTON.

BOOKS AND STATIONERY.

F. HAGAN,
30 Market and 6 Union Street, Nashville, Tennessee.

Invites Country Merchants, Book Sellers and Dealers generally to examine his stock and prices. His assortment comprises a full stock of

School Books, Blank Books,

Memorandum and Pass Books,

Gold and Steel Pens,

Writing Paper,

Printers, Stationery,

Envelopes, Writing Inks,

States and Pencils, Bonnet Boards,

Pocket and Family Bibles,

Historical, Medical, Theological, Agricultural, and

STANDARD WORKS.

Popular New Books, Newspapers Magazines, etc., etc., at low prices.

F. Hagan.

NASHVILLE FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP.

The undersigned is prepared to execute all kinds of Iron Work, either wrought or cast, Steam Engines, Water Wheels, Mill Gearing, Agricultural Implements, Iron Frames, Mills of all kinds, Iron Railings, Ornamental Iron Work of every variety—such as, Veranda, Balconies, Fencing, &c. We would call particular attention to this department, as we have a most extensive assortment of patterns of the very latest styles.

T. M. BRENNAN,

37 College St., Nashville, Tenn.

Feb 3d

WHO CAN BEAT IT!

We have just finished and got in operation a Steam Saw Mill, in operation on the River, near Clarksville, Tenn., that cuts Twenty Thousand Eight Hundred and fifty-seven feet, board measure, in fourteen hours and fourteen minutes! It cut One Thousand and forty-eight feet in twenty-eight minutes. We have reduced the price of our Engines and Boilers, to such figures that defy competition in prices and durability. Our Engines are put on iron plate and made of the best materials. We are agents for the

St. Louis Circular Saw Mill and

Grain and Corn Mills,

and can furnish any size at short notice, manufacturing prices with freight added.

ELLIS & MOORE,

96, 98 and 100 South Market street,

Feb 3d Nashville, Tenn.

FISHER, WHEELS & CO.,

WHOLESALE GROCERIES,

General Commission and Produce

MERCHANTS,

COTTON AND TOBACCO FACTORS

Corner Second and Market Streets,

Nashville, Tenn.

GROCERIES.

We are now receiving one of the largest and most desirable stock of Groceries ever offered to the trade by any house in the city.

57 1/2 lbs New Orleans Sugar,

150 lbs " " Coffee,

70 barrels Plantation Molasses,

45 " " "

45 boxes Star Candles,

1000 lbs Assorted Nails,

50 boxes Tallow Candles,

40 barrels French Sugar,

75 boxes R. C. Cheese,

75 " " P. D. "

200 barrels Whiskey, all brands,

250 lbs Imported French Brandy,

50 barrels Holland Ghee,

150 boxes Family Soap,

150 boxes French Raisins,

100 " " "

150 boxes Fresh Cove Oysters,

1100 lbs Fine Salt,

700 " " Coffee,

3,500,000 Segars, all brands,

150 boxes Canned Corned Beef,

150 boxes Canned Tomatoes, all brands,

With many other articles, too numerous to mention, all of which we sell at unusually low to cash prices.

FISHER, WHEELS & CO.,

P. O. Special attention given to the receiving and inspection of Tobacco, as well as all business entrusted to our care.

Feb 3d FISHER, WHEELS & CO.

NEW FURNITURE SHOP,

Nashville, Tennessee.

The undersigned would respectfully inform the public, that he has just opened an extensive stock of superior Furniture, including, in the most complete manner, all the latest and most improved styles of the most competent workmen, and an assortment to complete with the best materials in the West. All orders entrusted to me will be executed satisfactorily and with promptness. Especial attention will be paid to repairing all kinds of Furniture, and satisfaction warranted in all cases.

All desiring bargains in Furniture and Upholstery, will find it to their advantage to give me a call, before purchasing elsewhere.

First Furniture Store on College street North of Broad.

W. FAY.

Feb 13th.

AGRICULTURAL AND SEED STORE.

CUNNINGHAM & CO.,

No. 6, College street, near Church,

NASHVILLE, TENN.

We have opened an extensive Seed and Agricultural Store, and shall devote our exclusive attention to this branch of the business, and purchasers can rely upon being supplied with fresh Seeds, and the most approved kinds of implements and machines.—Our Garden Seeds are from D. Landreth & Sons' House, and all are the growth of 1858; our Field Seeds are selected with care and are warranted to germinate.

SEEDS.

Clover, Timothy, clean and striped, Blue Grass, Orchard Grass, Herd's Grass, Millet, Hungarian Grass, Musquit, Oatgrass, Orange, Perennial, Rye Grass. And a full assortment of Garden Seeds, by pound and paper.

CUNNINGHAM & CO.